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With an Eye to Our Future

TRANSITION is proving to be more of a bonanza than anyone had expected. American consumers are still in the main unable to get the homes, cars, radios, refrigerators and other major items they had to forego during the war; over a hundred billions in pent-up savings is waiting to be spent; the supposedly fantastic goal of 60,000,000 jobs is already well surpassed, counting the armed forces (and still increasing, according to such observers as the *Wall Street Journal*). Only the continued truculence of Russia and satellites remains to disturb an otherwise rose-colored American prospect. It becomes easier every day to persuade oneself that a new level of prosperity has come to stay. All we have to do is stick to our jobs and mind our own business. We have the strongest army, doughtiest navy, mightiest air force and above all the greatest productive plant in the world.

Puncturing bubbles is most frequently a thankless task, although a few American journalists and others have made a moderately self-supporting profession of the practice. Yet it can perform an inestimable public service. Such is the case with an article by Richard Neuberger in the current *Progressive* of Madison, Wisconsin. The obverse side of our magnificent war production effort is the way it cut into the store of raw materials with which this land had been so richly endowed. That is the burden of his article.

About two-thirds of the steel we produced to crush the Axis, for instance, was originally mined in the Mesabi Range of Minnesota. At the wartime rate this only major source of high grade iron ore will be exhausted in eight years. Our domestic supplies of strategic components of high grade steel are still more limited: at the present consumption rate our vanadium will not last 7 years, tungsten 4, manganese 2, tin and chromite 1 year.

Although the United States possesses only 20 percent of the world supply, we furnished 80 percent of the petroleum used in the war against the Axis. During the past thirty-six years we have reduced the national timber supply by 40 percent. Private lumber companies and public lethargy have forestalled any legislation which would save the nation's forest resources by regulating the logging on the vast timberlands which are privately owned. The depredations of erosion and the loss of vital topsoil also comprise a story recounted many times.

What is to be done if the American industrial giant is not to develop fallen arches? Since it is not possible to attain a state of self-sufficiency in all strategic raw materials, a greater degree of reciprocal trade and foreign industrial development must be fostered. Viable substitutes for certain scarce materials will undoubtedly be brought forward by the nation's scientists. Also it is still possible adequately to replenish our forests by adopting the methods which have proved so fruitful in thrifty Denmark and Switzerland. The United States can do still more in the way of soil conservation through contour cultivation, rotation of crops, the planting of tree barriers to hold the soil, flood control and regional planning. Perhaps no single factor is of greater moment in a national conservation program than the river valley development of the sort pioneered by TVA.

The current *National Union Farmer* of Denver, Colorado, reports that the proposed Pick-Sloan plan (of the Army engineers) would develop less than half the low-cost electric power which could be produced in the Missouri River under an MVA. Mr. Neuberger himself suggests that great stores of petroleum could be saved if the railroads in the Far West were electrified to tap the unused electric potential of the Grand Coulee, Bonneville and other giant dams. Until atomic energy is actually harnessed for constructive purposes, the nation can save some of its most critically depleted fuel resources by resort to hydroelectric power. And at the same time produce as a byproduct—a la TVA—the phosphates and other mineral fertilizers that will help restore our soil. In wartime we spent of our wealth without stint; now we must take stock, conserve and rebuild.

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India's "Communities"

ONE OF India's great problems has been solved over past decades, and finally eliminated during past months, in England: the British Empire is committed to the freeing of India from British imperial control. Viceroy Wavell's announcement of an "interim government" for all India does appear to give tangible substance to the British resolution.

But it may be a very long time before England and the British Empire are separated from India to a degree satisfactory either to England or to the Indians. History, both of the British Isles and of the Subcontinent, makes the setting up of an independent India so hard and complicated an operation that one, that we, at least, refuse to comment upon the "Indian problem" as such. Too vast numbers of Indians are politically immature, are ignorant and unskilled in the uses of public and state power. There does not appear to be any basis of authority for a government of all Indians which is widely enough accepted by the enormous and varied population—unless, perhaps necessity itself can be one. The rest of the world will interfere constantly in the solution of India's problems. It is, certainly, no swift and easy period of transition which India faces.

Viscount Wavell's proposed interim government was supposed to include fourteen men: six of them being representatives of the All-India Congress, five of them, of the Moslem League, and the other three, of the "minorities." The greatest immediate practical difficulty has been the refusal of the Moslem League to participate. This vaguely speaking refusal of the Moslems and Hindus to get along was doubtless behind the quick stabbing of Sir Shafaat Ahmad Khan, the non-League Moslem who was named to the interim government. The divisions between India's own "communities" makes the division of India from the British Empire a bitterly difficult and dangerous development.

"Old India hands" say that in the West we cannot conceive the meaning and reality of the Indian communities. As that country approaches the status of an independent nation, with a position of its own in the community of nations, we must try, nevertheless, to work out some ideas about the governing factors in Indian political life. The communities begin to seem something like "vertical" political parties. The principal divisions are not along the lines of economic class interest. (Except, no doubt, below a certain economic station Indians are politically unaware and insignificant.) It is interesting that Louis Fischer writes from Karachi, after a long trip, that the biggest capitalist owners in India do not find their place in the communities on the basis of their economic positions. At the other end, the Untouchables, or "Scheduled Castes"—49,000,000 people—have an organization claiming to represent them as one of the minority communities, on a vertical and not an economic class basis. You can be "untouchable" and also poor, medium or rich. Religion is loosely considered the most important division between the communities, since the Congress is considered Hindu while the League is Moslem, but that holds ever more loosely and generally, and less fully and actually. The new Congress president, Jawaharlal Nehru, has a largely secular attitude, and Gandhi is retired from active leadership.

The parties, or communities in India are "ideological" and trying to reduce or simplify their foundations to a few familiar motives would distort the situation as it exists.

Here in America, in the Far Western World, too, we do not yet accept the validity and propriety of party alignments along simple, horizontal, economic class lines. The problem within the Western World, and increasingly even within our own country, is to work out good and peaceful relations between men of different ideological camps. The Indians have to advance far in solving that problem before they can be expected to get their country running at all, because they have no traditional or independent momentum carrying them along. We should surely be patient while they are trying—and patient with England which is most closely involved in their effort. And we may hope to learn something for our own use by Indian successes and failures.

Eating Your Cake and Having It

THE LAST days of August have brought most encouraging news regarding the earth's bounty in the 1946 harvests. Our own wheat and corn crop is absolutely bumper, and our potato crop is sufficiently more than bumper to cause considerable worry. Australia seems to have moved out of her cycle of drought and to have become once again a great replenisher of the world's larder. The crops in Canada and the Argentine are excellent, and in the Far East there will be more rice. For all of this, thank God.

There is every indication, however, that this good news has had a very bad effect. For no one has suggested that this year's harvests, plentiful as they are, will produce surpluses of any but a local nature. Perhaps we shall pile up several million bushels of potatoes more than we need. That is all. And we must face the fact that even with our rich harvests, even with the best husbanding of the resources now pouring into our granaries, there will still be hungry people by the million next winter, there are hungry people by the million right now. What we should be doing is not relaxing our regulations for the maxi-

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mum efficiency in the use of food, but rather continuing and tightening them and storing away everything we possibly can store in case we are suddenly confronted with another crisis of famine next January or February.

Unfortunately failure to do this is clearly blamable upon those whose duty it is to prevent such failure, and specifically upon the present Secretary of Agriculture, Clinton Anderson, who has consistently acted to make a bad situation worse. His performance has been almost incredible. Whenever the public has become really agitated about famine and starvation, his department has suddenly issued optimistic reports. He has shied away from rationing as though it was some sort of hornet. The moment the good reports on this year's harvest were published, Mr. Anderson began relaxing our national program for saving wheat, announcing at the same time that we would be able to feed more grains to animals, to distil more alcohol, to eat white bread, and tremendously to increase our cereal exports. How we are to do all this, Mr. Anderson did not explain. The fact that our carryover of cereals is smaller than it has ever been in recent times, that the Canadian carryover is equally reduced, and that only the Argentine and Australia continue to have reasonably normal inventories is not even mentioned by our Secretary of Agriculture.

It is a little hard to understand exactly why Mr. Anderson functions and has functioned in so extraordinary a fashion. He is, of course, constantly subject to all sorts of selfish pressures—in this case, specifically, the pressure of soap manufacturers to obtain fats, the pressure of bakers and millers who do not like to be disturbed in their business practices, the pressure of farmers who want to get the biggest return they can for the products of their toil, the pressure of politicians over-sensitive to the effect upon their constituents of any enforced changes in their normal eating habits. And as far as the record shows, Mr. Anderson seems to have viewed it as his job to try to satisfy all these pressures. That, we believe, is emphatically not the job of a cabinet member, especially in times of crisis. His job is to resist pressures in the interests of the common good and to supply the leadership which will tend to make those pressures less effective, to neutralize them, if you will, by shaming them. It is here that Mr. Anderson has conspicuously and tragically failed.

The symbol of this failure will perhaps be recorded in the history books as the return to white bread. When wheat was so short last winter, the millers were ordered to increase the percentage of the whole grain in all flour from 72 to 80 percent, as a minimum. In itself, this was a half-hearted measure. The percentage could easily have been increased to 90. For it is notorious that the white bread habitual in the American diet, even when vitamins have been added, is a singularly unwholesome food which fills you up but does you little good. Yet the very minute he could do so, Mr. Anderson removed the ban on white flour, yielding to as senseless a pressure as one can imagine—the pressure of a supposed desire for a white bread beneficial to nobody, but perhaps a little easier to handle for the millers and bakers. Let them eat cake was a classical dismissal of a similar problem which has blackened a character for a century and a half. The restoration of white bread in the summer of 1946 may serve as a similar historic tag.

James Clark McReynolds

THE LATE Justice McReynolds was chiefly famous as a dissenter. And this is an essential rôle in our American system. It is quite possible to disagree thoroughly with Justice McReynolds's political philosophy while at the same time thoroughly approving his expression of that philosophy on the highest bench in our country. And this was the more important to the extent that his philosophy was the more widely unpopular. What he really represented was opposition to combinations in restraint of anybody or anything or, especially, of the sovereignty of the states. Carrying this attitude through logically, he objected with great intensity to the invalidation by the Supreme Court of state laws—however bad—which did not trespass upon the province of the Federal Government as defined in the Constitution. At the same time he was an effective and inveterate enemy of "trusts" and of labor unions when they in any way became coercive. Naturally most of the New Deal he viewed with very genuine and very sharply expressed dismay, on principle. To have had such views constantly expressed in his dissents as well as in those decisions in which he concurred, to have had a constant gadfly pricking the sides of the Roosevelt racehorse was thoroughly in keeping with the best of our political tradition.

All the Games

THE PORTUGUESE all looked alike the way priests all look alike, but the pitcher could not have been older than fifteen so that when the team was batting all the men on the bench looked alike with a little boy sitting there with them as if he were the bat boy but he was the pitcher. There were twenty-eight men in this Portuguese family of Connecticut fishermen so that it was not difficult for the family to make up a baseball nine to play a team of Connecticut farmer boys. When the farmer boys ran the bases, which was not so often, they ran as if they

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were carrying a spade, or part of a plow, or whatever it would be that would make a strong young farmer run very stiffly as if he were clumping over heavy ground where a plow had passed or through the mud. But when the Portuguese ran, it was not, probably, that they ran any faster; it was only that on the fishing boats you learn to keep your balance and where to put your feet so that you are easy and graceful the way the city man is who knows how to ride the subway as if it were a horse. The Portuguese were running all the time so that it was a nice game to watch with everyone very pleased and knowing everyone by his name and the ball getting lost whenever it was fouled into the sumac and the poison ivy or when it bounced off the elms or the lindens. A man passed a cigar box for a charity or other and if the farmers bet against the fishermen that was their bad luck. No one was paid to play; no one had to play; if he wanted to, the little boy pitcher could go off to the Mexican League for as long as he wanted to; when he came back he would be a big boy and look like all the other Portuguese and if he wanted to play ball Sunday afternoon there would still be the village field and all the farmers in Connecticut. Not the way it has happened to Mickey Owen, with the Civil Liberties Union worrying about his losing his civil liberties because he took a walk to go to Mexico and then later took a walk to return from Mexico because he was so homesick—just like the GIs—and now he cannot earn his living as a professional ball-player because he has left the dugout for the doghouse.

You get awfully sick of seeing people working at a game, all these hired acrobats all over America going to work every day with some kind of a ball. It's all right. It's a free country. You can keep away from the ball park.

But it's not so easy to keep away from the newspapers and the magazines and each year you get awfully sick of seeing four galloping backfield louts all dressed up for autumn in August to have their picture taken carrying the ball right up to the camera's mouth because they say they are training for the Pork Packers and have to start early—when the corn is high in the fields, the road crosses the fields and the children from the farms have followed the road until they have reached the tall trees which grow where there is water; they splash in the clear water.

Or what about Wilda Mae Turner in *Life* (August 26) whose speed and control baffles softball batters in Chicago league? "'Willie' is 22, gets $125 a week pitching for the Parichy Bloomer Girls, one of a six team league which plays night games in and around Chicago. She has won 102 straight games." What about her?

What about the solemn nonsense, more of the boring, ever repeated charges and counter-charges concerning professionalism in college sports that is on the front page of the New York *Sun* (August 27)? "Charging that Halfback Tom (Shorty) McWilliams had 'received a particularly lucrative financial offer from a certain quarter, designed to induce him to leave West Point and play football elsewhere,' Major Gen. Maxwell Taylor, superintendent of the United States Military Academy, replied sharply today to the recent charges of Allyn McKeen, Mississippi State football coach, that Academy authorities would not allow McWilliams to resign 'because he was a star football player.' 'The financial offers involved were often fantastic and show an apparent decay in the amateur spirit of college athletics which is most regrettable,' Taylor's statement said. 'West Point has not had and will never have any part in this semi-professionalism in college sports.'" Is no one tired of being told about this "apparent decay" when all anyone ever hears about any American college is that its football team has won or lost a game or that its scientists are off somewhere making a bomb?

The golfers follow the tournaments; the galleries follow the golfers; the tennis players go to Newport, Southampton, Forest Hills; they descend from a plane from France and if the Yugoslavs had beaten the Swedes (at tennis) they would be getting out of a plane (instead of shooting at planes) to play us in the Davis Cup semi-finals. The Dodgers travel to the "bad lands," the boxers train at Pompton Lakes—and every game that is played you pay to see it.

So that when you see a game that is not prepared, not advertised, played by people who earn their living at something else, played for fun, it is nearly as good as if you were playing a game yourself. That is the way it was with the Portuguese and the farmers in Connecticut when they were playing baseball; if some of them had been bored and had gone off for a drink you might have been asked to play. That is the way it was on the East River Drive when the five boys dove into the river. The tide swept them away from the Drive; they swam facing the Drive and the tide carried them along the Drive; the tide carried them along as fast as you could walk; they were beautiful to watch because they knew exactly where to make their effort, they knew the tide in the New York river and just where to make their strongest effort to break from the main pressure of the tide; they knew just how to reach the quieter waters, the place where they could land. You could do that too, if you knew how. That is the way it was, also, when the evening came and the boys were no longer swimming. The tugboats passed in the river with the coal barges, a tanker passed by—the lovers sat on benches all along the Drive.

C. G. PAULDING.

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The Works of San Lorenzo

An Argentine Story

Jean Boley

IN THE EVENING if you come jogging in your sulky along the road by our farm, two hours out of Buenos Aires, you might see a dark red firelight under the aroma tree out by the stables. That would be Lorenzo, the gardener, cooking his *caudrille* of beef over the charcoals. If your wheels rolled quietly in the dust beside the fence, you might hear dogs yawning impatiently. Those would be our three Doberman Pinschers sitting over the sacred flame, sweeping arcs in the dust with their tails, reminding Lorenzo of bones. If you reined in your horse and listened, looking out across the plains steel grey in the starlight, black where the clumps of trees shadowed the *ranchos,* you would hear Lorenzo talking to the dogs. First he would warm up his throat with a gentle humming noise that imperceptibly became words, words appearing gradually like people walking toward you out of a fog. "Hm . . . deep sigh . . . hm . . . *Si . . . Si, muchachos, y vos Señorita* . . . what dost thou want? . . . A bone? *Un lindo hueso? Mama Mia! Fijese . . Si, . . si . . . .* " and then a low laugh of astonished wonder.

Any evening at all you'd find him there, for Lorenzo is a fixture on our farm now, he and his scythe and his whetstone carried in an old ant poison can half-full of water, on the back of his belt. Time was when it was not certain that Lorenzo would stay with us, or at least not at all certain that Rosario, the Spanish laundress, would let him stay. She never liked him even from the beginning, the day he came and hung over the gate looking for work. That was the day she fired his predecessor, Three-Fingered Joe, and Lorenzo saw and heard the whole scene.

It was a question of animals, of course. In Argentina, animals are the master-race. They are large and hearty and incredibly fertile. A mere man is dwarfed by the sheer bulk of gleaming flanks, withers, shoulders, hocks and tails. His dreams are haunted by meningitis injections, the castration of stallions, the dipping of sheep, the whelping of dogs and the servicing of cows. His rages are concerned with drought and sarcoptic mange, his satisfactions with puppies and foals, his despairs with infectious abortion and hoof and mouth.

We don't have many animals—four horses, two cows and three dogs—but Three-Fingered Joe ignored them. Secretly, we felt, he desired to destroy them. Joe was a big wavering man with eyes scarlet from wine and three stumps of fingers on his left hand. He was born to rapine and plunder, a triumphant figure laying about him in the grand manner. Instead of working the farm, he sacked it. There were little wakes of destruction everywhere — birds' eggs flung from the nest, young trees uprooted by his plow, broken beer bottles in the pasture. Sometimes he collected stable rats in a cage, ran out to the field, called the Dobermans, and then in a luscious and barbarian satisfaction like Attila directing the carnage at Rome, opened the wire door and released the rats into the very muzzles of the enemy. He stood poised during the short uproad and then he loped from one pile of entrails to another, nodding his head, sniffing the first blood of slaughter. Meekly we had endured, but this one day, as the swung the scythe close to the stables, he severed the main artery in a Doberman paw digging into the lair of a field mouse. The dog stood uncertainly in the grass, the blood pouring out rhythmically while we worked on the tourniquet.

Rosario, who is afraid of blood, raced out of the house crying, *"Lo hizo a propósito.* He did it on purpose." She saw the red stains on the alfalfa. *"Oi, la sangre, la sangre. Mire la sangre.* See the blood. Oh the poor one . . . " She is short and fat and she rocked on her heels calling dolefully like a buoy at sea. The sound carried out to Lorenzo leaning on the gate. She wore a long white smock almost to the toes of her ancient sneakers, and she dabbled it with blood until she looked down and was terrified. "Get out," she shrieked at Three-Fingered Joe, *"basura,* garbage. Go away. Never return." She ran into his little room at the end of the stables and clutched at his things . . . the *mate* and *bombilla,* his better suit, the dusty *aspargatas.* "Take them away. *Que se vaya . . .* " The tears ran down her yellow cheeks and the black bun of hair loosened and fell down her back in a coil.

★

An hour later he went away carrying his mattress on his back, his three bundles slung over his shoulder on a stick. He went out, leaving a shambles of wine bottles, dirty newspapers, and oily rags in his room, spitting once in the center of the driveway as he opened the gate. We heard

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afterwards that he got a job at the local brick oven heaving bricks into the carts. It is a dirty place and it seemed fitting.

I nodded toward Lorenzo. "Shall we try him?" I asked Rosario.

She stared at him. "That one? Who knows if he likes animals? It appears not. There is no one who likes animals like I do. But try him. There is no other."

★

I approached Lorenzo with misgivings, for he too looked violent. Lorenzo is lush and highly-colored, a creature of luxurious vegetation. His oily black curls tumble out above the crownless straw hat. His moustache is a band of foliage across his red cheeks. In between are the great brown eyes, so large that you see your own reflection swallowed in the pupils. There is a Renaissance richness about him, a homicidal glow, a vast meat-eating, wine-drinking bloom as if he were a Medici down on his luck. He wore a scarlet handkerchief at his neck and leaned his bare arms on the gate.

"Bueno? Well?" I said to him bravely. I braced myself for elaborate cursings, the hurling of stones and brandishing of knives, but there was only that humming noise in his throat. At last he opened his mouth and said. *"Mama Mia!"* in a soothing voice, low and tender and affectionate as if he were a very fine character chiding from his deathbed the griefs of his friends.

Lorenzo seemed like the best gardener we'd ever had but Rosario did not like him. To begin with he's quite deaf and even if your hearing is acute you can't understand Rosario's sharp Castilian. Her false teeth rattle like a machine gun and she doesn't like to repeat. In the second place he never hurried and Rosario always hurries, darting from tub to sink to parlour, to porch, snatching up things, scolding under her breath, laying them down, involving ash trays, vases and cigarette boxes in a kind of hysterical musical chairs. In the third place he kept a shotgun in his room, and though he never used it, in Rosario's mind it became a symbol of his undoubted cruelty to animals.

All day long he plodded behind the lawn mower in his stained undershirt and his ragged *bombachas*. When the dogs raced across the grass and crashed into his legs he threw his huge arms in the air and cried, *"Mama Mia*—but you! You running on all sides —" and allowed them to jump up against his stomach while he shook their jaws and beat their rumps in mock rage.

Rosario, who always does three things at once, rinsed clothes, shelled broad beans and watched.

"He loves animals," I said hopefully.

"Quien sabe? What about those cats?" Rosario converses in a series of little surprises.

"Cats?" I said very casually, trying the windowsill for dust.

"The cats the dogs killed. There are bones and blood all over the grass behind the stables. One who loves animals doesn't bring in cats for dogs to kill. Have you seen them?"

"Oh those," I said as if I'd known all along. "It is not certain that Lorenzo brought those cats."

"Who else?" she said complacently.

At the first opportunity, I crept behind the stables and looked. There it was — cat gut, white hair, bulbous entrails, claws and all. You could almost hear the fearful rending of bellies, those last terrible spittings. Secretly I examined the Señorita's brown nose — bloody tooth marks in a significant curve, and her eyes wavered and refused to meet mine. It was true. I looked sadly at Lorenzo and felt the seepings of doubt, just a slow leakage because he did seem a lovely man. The way he'd do a job like building a short brick walk from the back door to the drive and when it was finished, roll a mischievous eye at you and call it *'una obra de San Lorenzo'* — a masterpiece of St. Lawrence. The way he was always astonished. When he saw bulbs thrusting their green tongues through the brown lips of the earth he bent down and examined and said. *'Pero!* But! Look, imagine!" and went off muttering in wonder. On hot days when Segundo the colt curved up his tail, trotted lightly on air, and raked the watering trough with his front hoofs until the water splashed over his back, San Lorenzo would stand close by ponderously prancing, slapping his thigh, "Hm . . . You . . . You crazy one . . . You little horse . . . ." raining the mild words down on Segundo like a blessing.

He had no discipline and all life flourished impudently. Dobermans slept on the porch furniture, frogs clogged the waterspouts, foals wandered from the pasture and peered in terror at their rippling image in the lily pool. Vines strangled the house and in the vegetable garden giant corn stalks and grotesque cabbages jostled each other in vulgar tropical combat. One day I took the axe and the shovel and went out to a young grove of trees to remove a cypress that was dying between two eucalyptus. I was digging into the earth to loosen the roots when there was a long sigh and a clearing of the throat.

"Hm . . . *Si,* are you going to take out this tree, Señora?"

"Si. It will choke the others. Besides, it's not very healthy."

"Déjelo, Señora. Leave it. Leave it there to live." He stood shyly a short distance from me and looked up at the top of the tree. "I have a pain in me to see a nice tree go."

"It must go." I lifted the axe.

He came over and touched the ends of its

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branches. "I would pay you to leave it there, Señora."

★

The farm became a jungle and Rosario was very angry. Sometimes in the late afternoon she threw a shawl over her head and ran out to where he was slowly tracing ant trails and sprinkling the lavender poison about the nest. You could see her standing in front of the trees, her hands on her hips, her stomach poking out the white smock like a kewpie in a wedding dress.

"Why don't you trim these trees?" rattled the machine-gun.

"Eh?" San Lorenzo would look up vaguely, not sure he had heard a voice.

"I say why don't you trim these trees?" she would shout. *"Sordo!* Deaf one!"

He would straighten up with his hand on his tired back and laugh softly and wipe his face with the red handkerchief. "In Spain they do thus? *Si?* To me it appears too bad to kill what is alive."

"And in the great war? What did you do? A coward, surely." Rosario would click her plastic uppers and stare at him triumphantly.

"In the great war they took me prisoner the first day. I never fought. I was a prisoner four years. *Tuve suerte.* I had luck . . . " He would move off shaking his head, caressing the ends of branches with his fingers.

But time passed and there were more cats strewn on the lawn. Some mornings you'd wake up and there it would be — that intangible aura of slaughter. You'd go out and find the leering head, the clotted whiskers and the three Dobermans dozing opulently, carnivorously, a little trace of white fur on the muzzles.

"How came this cat here?" I'd say to San Lorenzo.

"It is not known," he would say, sadly scooping the remains in a bucket.

I became emotional over Lorenzo. I was sure he was starving. I sorrowed that he slept without sheets. It was the uncertainty and the way he ducked that massive Da Vinci head when you asked him if his food and room were satisfactory. "Do not afflict yourselves. *No se moleste.* Anything will do. I do not need to eat." And he would turn and catch a dog head against his leg . . . "You, Señorita . . . what dost thou here? . . . jumping, molesting . . . *Mama Mia!*" cuffing its ears playfully and there would be no way to ask further about his happiness. If I offered him food from the table . . . slices of Rosario's pink roast beef, or thin Spanish pancakes . . . he looked at the ground. "You are molesting yourself, Señora, for me."

Rosario was also emotional. When I ordered her to grill him a T-bone steak one day, she slammed the iron frying pan on the stove. "Si, Señora, I grill the steak. For you I grill the steak. For that *Italiano* I do nothing."

"Give it to him on a plate," I suggested.

Carefully she picked out an old cracked saucer and when the meat was fried to a muscular ash, she threw it on the saucer and it hung over the edges. She put a newspaper underneath and went out on the back steps where Lorenzo was tacking a vine to the kitchen wall. She held out the meat. "Take. *Tome.*" The three Dobermans sat in a circle around her and drooled onto the brick walk.

Lorenzo went on tacking the vine. "Give it to the dogs," he said.

"Tome, Italiano!" she cried. *"Loco!"*

He put his head to one side and surveyed the vine. "I do not want it. Give it to the dogs." He picked up his hammer and went away, looking at the sky to see if it might rain.

I ran out and grabbed the plate. "Rosario, how can you speak thus? He is sensitive, proud . . . "

"No, it is not that. Do you know what it is?" When she talks to me she takes two short little running steps, stops right under my nose, and transfixes me with a bright button eye. *"Sabe lo que es?* He's not right. *Está loco.* He does not want good meat. You should not have a crazy man here. Who knows what a man who brings in cats to be killed will do . . . when the Señor is not at home," she added. No one is so expert as Rosario at verbal execution. There are all the little bullets and then, after a slight pause, the *coup de grâce.*

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It looked as if San Lorenzo would have to go. He stopped going to the kitchen, but Rosario chased him to the field, carrying the cat head, and you could see them expostulating. He made great slow sweeping gestures but at last he would turn and begin spading the earth while Rosario stepped closer in eloquent Galician finale. He could not last much longer. And then one Sunday afternoon, I lay out on the grass brooding over him. The wrens caught flies on the screen door, the brick oven a kilometre away sent over its pungent fumes of baking bricks, a peon on horseback herded cows down the road, in the distance a curtain of dust moved behind a horse and sulky. The Dobermans lay lifting their noses, nudging the sunlight. I could see Lorenzo leaning on the pasture fence, smoking his pipe, watching Segundo nip his mother's flanks. It was nice having Lorenzo around, even if . . . I looked at the tall green hedge along the road and saw a head moving behind it, moving slowly, pausing, then moving on. The dogs listened and pricked their ears. The Señorita growled. I sat up and looked and made a great discovery. I shut the dogs in the living-room and ran over to San Lorenzo. He lowered

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his head and stubbed his foot in the dirt.

"It's Three-Fingered Joe," I whispered.

"Eh?"

"It's Three-Fingered Joe. He's outside the hedge. What's he doing there?"

San Lorenzo looked at me with great white eyes and ran into his room. He came back with his shotgun.

"Where is he?"

"Now look here," I began, but he ran around the pasture and got on the inside of the hedge. We could see the head coming slowly toward us. When it was about 20 yards away it stopped and there was a long pause. Then quietly with a plop like a frog diving off a lily pad, a brown sack was dropped over the hedge into our alfalfa field. When the sack landed it broke and with a squealing out splashed two young cats. Three-Fingered Joe turned back and ran. San Lorenzo stood up.

"Mama Mia! Santo Cielo . . ."

"Don't shoot," I pleaded, "no, please . . . "

He raised the shot gun and fired. Three-Fingered Joe clutched his back and ran zig-zagging down the road. Once he turned around and waved his arms in the air, but San Lorenzo raised the gun again and Three-Fingered Joe raced on.

San Lorenzo began that soft laugh and slapped his thigh. "Hm . . . He will have a *dolor. Mama Mia!* The gun was loaded with rock salt." He looked at me and rolled his eyes wickedly and lifted his shining head of curls. *"Una obra de San Lorenzo,"* he said.

And when I told Rosario about it she went on ironing the tablecloth. "Who knows if he likes animals anyways," she said. But later that evening I heard her muttering in the kitchen. She was broiling a fine *cuadrille*.

The Stateless

An account of the laws and attitude of the West regarding refugees

Boris Gourevitch

IN THE EARLY DAYS of antiquity, the survivors of a shipwreck who sought refuge on the shores nearest the scene of their disaster were generally sold into slavery or put to death by those who dwelt there. Euripides, in "Iphigenia in Tauris," depicts for us the barbarian Tauri sacrificing all strangers cast upon their shores to Artemis. To what Artemis does our own civilization sacrifice the thousands of refugees and members of minority groups who have died during our own lifetimes for want of hospitality because of an icy indifference seconding the efforts of their executioners? There is no need of rehearsing the catalogue of these millions who might still be alive today were it not for some trifling difficulty in getting a visa.

There should still echo in our ears the metallic and monotonous voice of Hitler as he spoke so sardonically and with such diabolical force in October, 1937. He cast it in the teeth of the democracies that their great empires—British and French—possessed less than one half a man per square mile in population yet refused admittance to the Jews whom he was persecuting. And with accuracy he could add, "No help—simply moralizing." Norman Angell and Dorothy Buxton, in their book published in 1939, wrote: "For the millions of innocent people now undergoing spoliation, torture and murder, the British Empire, which covers a quarter of the globe, bolts its doors to all but one percent! Our policy may be designated as one of one percent rescue." At the Church Assembly which passed resolutions for the formation of a Central Christian Council for Refugees, intended to include representatives of all the Christian churches, Lord Selborne demanded the immediate suspension of all the immigration laws of England, the Dominions and the Empire. He said: "Let them not wait until a plan was agreed upon by all the Governments and Parliaments of the Empire; if they did that, then the Jews would be all dead before the time came."

To the generation reaching manhood after the first World War, the necessity for visas and the policy of doors closed to foreigners—wretches who could perish under the blows of their persecutors while evoking only a sigh of compassion—seemed as natural and eternal as the law of gravity. Yet this is far from the case. Mankind was better off in this respect during the nineteenth century when there was absolute freedom of immigration, travel, and human migration in general. Thus when republican refugees from Germany overran Switzerland after the failure of the 1848 revolution, the Swiss literally forced them to become naturalized Swiss citizens. The stateless, deprived of their citizenship by their own countries and unable to acquire any other, were unknown to the nineteenth century. And scholars single out as a rare curiosity those state-

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less peasants to be found after the war of 1877-78 in the new Rumanian Province of Dobrudja, consisting of those who had omitted to opt for Rumanian or other citizenship. Immigration into the United States remained free until the legislation of 1917 and 1921 limited it, that into Canada was free until 1923, that into Australia, until about 1920. In 1930 and 1935 Argentina and Brazil passed laws very gravely restricting immigration. Thus it was during the period of the first world war that doors began to be bolted. England, with her Aliens Act of 1906 and the acts of 1914 and 1919 as well as the Aliens Order of 1920, began this process. From this time on international law and the idea of national sovereignty were everywhere interpreted as allowing the limitation or the prevention of immigration. Yet nothing could have been more directly contrary to the thinking of those who created international law and of their successors.

In classical times the Stoics required protection for strangers in the name of the natural law, and the Church Fathers fully accepted these views, strengthening them by seeing in them the will of God as Father. Saint Thomas Aquinas took the same general position, holding that the natural law is superior to the laws of the state. Those Spanish jurists who were the formal creators of international law and the predecessors of Grotius followed the same tradition; Francisco de Vittoria admitted the existence of the natural rights of man. In 1532 he asserted that the right of free intercourse between nations is based on the law of nations, and that the latter "either is natural law or is derived from natural law." He points out that all peoples find it inhuman to mistreat foreigners and that friendly feelings toward them are deeply rooted in human nature.

When we come to Hugo Grotius, the father of modern international law, we find him far from blameless as a promoter of the idea of absolute sovereignty, but in "Mare Liberum" (1609) he strongly insists that all nations have natural rights as far as traveling, trade, communications and the freedom of the seas are concerned. He derived the law of nations from the nature of man and called for international intervention in the defense of all those persecuted when their persecution involved transgression of the law of nature. Those who wrote after him were of much the same opinion. Vattel granted the existence of the fundamental rights of the individual and demanded international intervention to save the oppressed. Emeric Crucé, in "Le Nouveau Cynée" (1623) wrote: "What a pleasure it would be to see men go here and there freely and mix together without any hindrance of country, ceremonies or other such differences, as if the earth were as it really is: a city common to all."

During the middle ages the notion of the essential unity of all Christian nations dominated legal thinking and greatly helped develop the right of asylum for those persecuted. The Protestant Reformation, however, speeded up the development of national states with absolute sovereignty and total independence. And from this seed we have finally gathered the present fruit, sovereign states deciding to close their doors to immigrants and to the persecuted. Yet for many hundreds of years, along side that stream of international law which tended toward absolute sovereignty, there flowed another current. Apart from the men we have cited, Dubois, George de Podebrade, Erasmus all longed for the erection of some sort of league of nations, with a central authority able to prevent war and individual injustice.

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At the present moment approximately 1,700,000 refugees and displaced persons face desperation in various parts of Europe. The greater part of them live in camps and, after the passage of months, still patiently await the decisions which will determine their fate. They cannot return to their own countries, for the Big Three, during the course of their various conferences, confirmed and stabilized dictatorial governments in Yugoslavia, Poland, Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. It is notorious that citizens known for their opposition to communism in these countries would be in danger of the firing squad, without even drumhead trials, were they to return to their native land and soil.

The 200,000 Jews surviving in European camps have with their own eyes seen their former fatherlands, such as Poland or Germany, transformed into vast scaffolds and slaughterhouses. wherein 6,000,000 of their children, relatives or friends were destroyed. The very soil of these countries must seem to them a vast graveyard; in the neighbors of their childhood they see assassins or hangmen. Can they be forced to remain or to go back? Soviet Russia has just tried an experiment of this sort. In 1939 the Russians sent several hundred thousand Polish Jews to Siberia. Now they have returned some 200,000, who were able to withstand the harshness of the climate and of the régime in Siberia, to Poland. We know what is happening. They are dying of starvation and adorning with their bodies the streets of the cities where their homes have been destroyed or taken over by "Aryans" and all their friends and families put to death.

As early as Christmas 1942, the Pope called for guarantees in favor of the moral health of working-class families by granting broad opportunity to emigrate; it was his view that a free movement of large quantities of men could help to lessen feverish search for Lebensraum. On February 21, 1946, he severely condemned repatriation. He evidently was afraid that the

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Soviet Government and its Polish and Yugoslav satellites were seeking to drag back by force those who had fled areas under Moscow's control. Let us not forget that clause in the Yalta agreements which, under the innocent guise of repatriation for civilians, allowed a claim for the forced repatriation of such Russians as emigrated after 1939. Yet in fact a most brutal repatriation of Russians had already been accomplished. Considerable numbers of Russian political exiles who had been living in Central Europe prior to 1939 under the protection of Nansen passports have been arrested and deported by the Soviet authorities. Many Russian democrats dwelling in Poland, Finland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia and in the Baltic States have been shot. Prince Peter Dolorukov, at the age of 82, a man distinguished as a leader of the liberal opposition to the Imperial régime, has been arrested and deported to Russia.

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A little later in February of this year, the Pope pointed to the most urgent and immediate need for international action on behalf of refugees. He asked, "What work of charity and peace has been accomplished in coming to their aid?" Four years earlier the executive committee of the Federal Council's Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace stated that "national action has wide economic repercussions when it . . . restricts immigration and emigration." Its memorandum called for the establishment of special agencies in the United States and elsewhere to prevent serious consequences abroad of national legislation in the fields of economics and immigration. The Delaware Conference of Protestant Churches (1942) dealt at length with immigration, pointing to the necessity of ceding this problem to an international authority under a world system of law. The message issued by this Conference said in part, "All men should be free to move over the surface of the earth under international agreement, in search of the fullest opportunity for personal development."

If one adds to the various statements of the Holy See and of American Protestant groups the assertions of the Anglican Malvern Conference and the heroic fight in favor of refugees by the late Dr. William Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, we can readily see that all Christian Churches are officially in favor of the restoration of man's natural right to shelter and asylum. Yet if we are to translate this goodwill into reality, we must learn the lessons taught us by the last twenty-five years, which turned the life of the refugee and of the persecuted into a very hell, paved, be it understood, by the declarations of good will issued by the League of Nations and by the world's principal Powers.

All the exalted undertakings in behalf of refugees inaugurated by such men as Dr. Nansen and Albert Thomas came to naught for the same reasons. No Western country took seriously the League of Nations Nansen passport, intended to assist not only Russian expatriates but also those from Armenia, Chaldea, Assyria, Turkey, the Saar and other areas. Other forms of passport intended to assist German, Spanish, Italian, Hungarian, Rumanian, Polish and Austrian refugees were equally spurned. A holder of such a passport could be expelled for the slightest trifle, or condemned to prison if he was unable to obtain a visa for some new country of refuge. I know of honorable men who had served in the Russian Army and had fled to France who spent as much as five or six years in jail, with brief respites "to procure a visa prior to being re-sentenced." And in 1935 and 1936, the French Republic had to spend twelve million francs on behalf of refugees without residential rights who were being detained in prison.

Yet France had the finest record for hospitality. According to some official estimates, she took in 400,000 Russian refugees and 63,000 Armenians. Her people treated these victims as brothers, and the majority of the refugees themselves worshipped France and gave evidence of their love by playing a heroic rôle in the resistance against the Germans. Yet the innate fineness of the French people was helpless against their own laws. These same refugees constantly lived in suspense and were constantly subject to deportation. Most of them had no legal right to work for wages. With my own eyes I have seen a family of German Jewish refugees which within three years lived in sixteen different countries, having nowhere been able to obtain more than temporary visas. In the end this family illegally returned to France after having gone so far as to take a "pleasure trip" to Brazil. Meanwhile French law on this subject became more and more cumbersome. Here is a typical case history. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Saelzler had their "work permits" withdrawn and were told that they must leave the country. They attempted joint suicide by gas. Mrs. Saelzler died, but her husband was saved. No sooner had he regained his health than his formal notification that he must leave the country was followed by a "decree of expulsion." This, in May, 1938. A delegation of prominent political and university personages then petitioned that his right of residence be restored, and was assured that appropriate steps would be taken. Nothing happened. Mr. Saelzer again attempted suicide, this time with success. Two months after his funeral, Senator Justin Godart received a letter informing him that a temporary right of residence had been granted to Mr. Saelzler, valid until the investigation then under way had been completed.

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If such things could take place in France, where the situation was at its best, it can be imagined what happened elsewhere. Thus when the British Home Office, despite all its severity, sought to admit (1938) 500 Austrian Jewish doctors into England, the British Medical Association succeeded in whittling this number down to fifty. But in fact not even fifty were admitted, and as Norman Angell put it, "some of those brilliantly gifted men, while still awaiting permission to enter our country, have suffered arrest and are now perishing in the concentration camps."

All efforts to persuade countries either in Europe or overseas to open their doors to refugees came to naught. Absolutely nothing on a large scale was ever accomplished, despite repeated efforts both by distinguished private citizens and by governments. The most scandalous failure was that of the Evian Conference. Convoked for the noblest of reasons by President Roosevelt, it quickly degenerated into a meeting at which the various powers sought to close all doors against refugees. Substantially every nation sent a representative, but each of these was flanked by some spokesman of the police power of his country. All records were beaten by Lieutenant Colonel White, Australian Minister of Justice, who betrayed all the humanitarian traditions of his country by a speech asserting that Australia would not admit refugees of a race against which there might someday be public hostility. I myself was present and undertook to remind this speaker that the future is always uncertain. I pointed out that Rumania is sometimes described as the advance outpost of Latin civilization toward the East and that Australia was fully entitled to be called the advanced outpost of civilization in the Pacific. Perhaps some day they would become comparable in achievement to ancient Athens! Yet among the early settlers of Rumania in Roman days and of Australia not too long ago there were a considerable number of convicts. This has not stood in the way of fine cultural achievements. Perhaps some day the descendants of that "race" he wished to keep out would evolve and turn out no worse than the descendants of convicts in the future Athens of the Pacific. Those present laughed heartily, but I was certainly not joking. For the Evian Conference paved the way for the extermination of six million European Jews—the nazis, after its failure, lost all hope of any mass emigration as a solution of their "problem."

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Today we are still confronted with the same problem of wandering and stateless wretches knocking at all the doors of the world. Among them there are at least 1,400,000 Christians and 200,000 Jews. And there is always the much larger problem of those who live in over-populated countries abroad and who in years to come will likewise need succor.

If we are to save the refugees, we must call into being a new principle, a humane and realistic principle advocated both by the Pope and by various Protesant bodies, the principle of collective responsibility on the part of all nations for saving the persecuted of this world. In January, 1946, thanks to the hard work of Mrs. Roosevelt and other American and English delegates, the United Nations set up a special committee for refugees and displaced persons. This committee met in London last April to prepare a plan for submission in May at the New York meeting of the Economic and Social Council of the UN. At the outset, Great Britain suggested that the future Refugee Agency constitute an integral part of the United Nations. Were this to happen, each of these fifty-one countries would be morally obliged to grant a certain number of visas.

However, the Russian, Polish and Yugoslav delegates stated that they wanted no UN support for the refugees, since a number of them were hostile to the régimes in these countries. They suggested the creation of a small private agency for refugees, in which only a few nations would participate. The United States delegation, as a concession, supported the Soviets against England. As a result of this unnatural alliance, by a vote of 12 to 6, the idea of a large refugee agency constituting an integral part of UN was rejected. With usual tact, the Soviets thanked the United States. For when the Americans refused any census of anti-Soviet refugees the Soviets announced that they would not participate in the private agency either. The conciliatory gesture of the United States delegation had proved vain.

The Economic and Social Council sought to revise the committee's London findings. Russian, Polish and Yugoslav opposition blocked the only proper solution, that suggested by Britain. The International Refugee Organization would not be integral in UN, but would be an inter-governmental agency. A Committee on Finances worked out a totally inadequate provisory budget, assigning only $60,000,000 for large-scale resettlement and emigration, and this to succor only 75,000 emigrants. It expressed the hope that reparations would supply funds for an additional 100,000. Thus only ten percent of refugees will be helped to emigrate!

A desire to please the Russian bloc led to the insertion of a terrible blunder in the plan's definition of the refugees to be aided. "Leaders in a movement hostile to a member government" are in no way to be helped by the new organization. Thus an outstanding Polish or Serb democrat must fall back on his own resources to avoid starvation in the camps of 1947. Compromises are criminal when they involve the life and honor

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of the innocent.

At these summer meetings of the Council no voice was raised in behalf of the right of innocent human beings, victims of arbitrary changes in frontiers or régimes, to demand from the community of nations a place to live and work. At the San Francisco Conference, Panama fruitlessly proposed the creation of a commission on migrations. The very concept of the United Nations requires recognition of the absolute duty to give visas and transportation to all refugees. For by organizing migrations UN can prove its ability to reach beyond frontiers in defense of the human person. Every member of UN should place at its disposal a definite number of visas, as well as allowing it methodically to organize agricultural and skilled-labor colonies, financed by international loans. Here is the only way to save and absorb Poles, Lithuanians, Esthonians, Latvians, Yugoslavs, Jews and Russians after their many months' ordeal in the camps to which they have been confined since their "liberation." Only an agency forming an integral part of UN can achieve this end and can be made the permanent means of solving the great problem of migrations. Italy alone will need to divest herself of millions for whom she will be unable to supply work.

President Truman has just made a gesture which can have happy results. He says that he will ask the 1947 Congress to admit to the United States a greater number of refugees than is provided under present quotas, thereby seeking to show other countries that the United States will play its part in the solution of this problem. Let us hope that the Congress will have the moral courage to rise above the selfish and economically short-sided demands of certain groups and do what is requisite to saving the lives and dignities of innocent victims of war.

In the name of all those who have perished, we must work, beg and implore in order to effect a return to the sole possible formula which will solve the problem. The issuance of visas to refugees must cease to be at the caprice of single nations and must become the human duty of all the nations through a central organization.

The man bereft of the protection of an ambassador was no more than a dog to Hitler; to us he is a brother. We must set up rights for the refugees of our day and of the days to come. During the war years, under existing law the United States could have received 900,000 immigrants from all the countries of Europe. Actually 100,000 visas were given. Mrs. Roosevelt dreamed of bringing to this country 20,000 French Jewish children; she succeeded in bringing 500. We can no longer rely upon the generosity of the great and the powerful. We must set up a system of law protecting the weak, protecting man, the image of God.

Communications

FIGHT OVER NEUTRALITY

Montreal, P. Q., Canada

TO the Editors: The so-called "Fight over Neutrality" in French Canada (THE COMMONWEAL, August 16) has given Mr. Binsse an opportunity to fire a full broadside at French Canada: one column and a half of sweeping generalities about "tribal unity," "nationalism," "group solidarity," relations between Faith and language, etc., and of equally sweeping and unproven applications to French Canada.

Now it just happens that French Canada is a Catholic community with a commendable record of traditions and accomplishments extending over a couple of hundred years, which refuses to be boiled down to Mr. Binsse's generalities. French Canada has kept its people Catholic in a proportion of 98 percent, most of them practicing. Against tremendous odds of fanaticism, political and financial power, it has created, out of the poverty of a war-conquered people, a complete system of education, from primary to university level, which probably embodies as perfectly as possible the requirements of the Encyclical of Pius XI on Christian Education. With the social doctrine of the Church as an inspiration and the active cooperation of the hierarchy and clergy, it has covered the Province of Quebec with a network of varied organizations, social, economic and professional, which compares favorably with anything that the rest of Canada has to offer. Some three thousands of its sons and daughters, answering the urge of a dynamic Catholicism, are tilling heroically the Lord's vineyard in practically every mission field throughout the world. French Canada can show a brand and a record of Catholicism which is not inferior to that of any other country today.

As to its relations to other ethnical communities, old Quebec has become, in this world of ours tormented by hatred and fanaticism, one of the very few havens still existent where the principle of live and let live, so dear to Anglo-Saxon ideology, is still fully practiced. There are very few places in the world today where the Irish and the Jews have done so well for themselves, financially and otherwise. When French Canada does get slightly aggressive, it is because someone has made a point of stepping on its toes.

It is this Catholic community that Mr. Binsse labels with such vitriolic expressions as "nationalist" (in its sinister and vicious implications), "meanest sort of anti-semitism," "outrageous zenophobia," "worse than chauvinism," etc. This is gross ignorance or wholesale slander. The usual excuse that this is aimed only at a small vocal minority is outworn. The opposite is true: apart from a small group of anti-clericals and "liberals," practically every French Canadian will justly feel personally smeared by Mr. Binsse's mud-slinging. We would expect from a Catholic journalist a little more appreciation and a little less off-hand biased analysis.

JEAN D'AUTEUIL RICHARD, S.J.
Editor, Relations.

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DEAR Father Richard: I fear that your letter of protest and comment regarding my article unhappily serves as further documentation for my criticism of the views of a small minority among French Canadians. For anyone who has read my article to write, as you do, "The usual excuse that this is aimed only at a small vocal minority is outworn," is indeed extraordinary. I am certainly not in the habit of going to great pains to define what might be called the terms of a discussion without both knowing and meaning what I say. If any French Canadian to whom my remarks do *not* apply—and this would be true of the vast majority of the people of Quebec—chooses deliberately to ignore the qualifications which I so carefully made, I can only regret his inability to discuss public questions on a rational level.

I said, and I repeat, that there is a very small but vocal minority in the Province of Quebec—I even went so far as to supply demonstration of its smallness by indicating that it has had substantially no success in electing its candidates to office—which is obsessively nationalistic and that, since French Canadians are almost without exception deeply devout Catholics, such persons are likely to confuse their religion and their nationalism. I supplied illustrations of what I meant, without, however, naming names, since I did not wish the discussion to be conducted on a level of personalities.

I have spent a great part of my life in the Province of Quebec and have made it a point to follow events and movements there with care. I have devoted much time and effort to extolling the great virtues and fine traits of French Canadians. I should deeply regret anything which in any way threatened their language, their culture or their traditions, which have long been dear to me. And I cannot see how my preference for the point of view expressed by a Dominican Provincial who is himself a French Canadian can possibly lead anyone to conclude that I have sought to blacken that priest's fellow-countrymen. If such, however, is your interpretation of my attempt at reporting a controversy which I believe has important implications for Catholics everywhere, I can only regret the fact.

Nor would I for an instant pretend in a short magazine article to give any picture of what you properly describe as "a commendable record of traditions and accomplishments." In short, I cannot see how your letter is in any way germane to the subject of my article, except, as I have said, as documentation in support of my criticism of the views of French Canadian nationalists.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

THE SMEAR TECHNIQUE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: There is in the United States a widespread conviction that political parties don't matter; our business is to elect "good" men. Then various organizations set up their own standards for measuring goodness.

By these standards the CIO's political arm, PAC, found Senators LaFollette and Wheeler wanting. CIO, which in both Wisconsin and Montana has a strong Communist element, vies with conservative Republicans in rejoicing at LaFollette's defeat and taking credit for it.

It happens that I am a Socialist; I believe in the necessity of a good party as well as of good men—indeed, as a condition of the greatest usefulness of good men. On issues of importance I have differed with Messrs. LaFollette and Wheeler, notably with the latter's opposition to a Missouri Valley Authority. Nevertheless, I have no respect for the intelligence or intellectual honesty of a "liberal" organization like PAC which can endorse some of the candidates it has endorsed for Congress (Noble Gregory of Kentucky, for instance) and reject men with the progressive, pro-labor records LaFollette and Wheeler have made through long and difficult years. The Senate will be poorer without them.

But I should not claim your valuable space to deplore their defeat in old-party primaries except for the methods employed, most notably against Senator Wheeler. Smear tactics ran riot. Montana is a state great in area but small in population, and it is comparatively inexpensive to reach the voters with attacks of the most irresponsible order. According to statements broadcast over the radio and printed, Mr. Wheeler's personal character was outrageously slandered. A book called "Plot against America," written by a man named David George Plotkin, and published by John E. Kennedy of Missoula, Montana, formerly the secretary to Mr. Wheeler's political enemy, ex-Congressman Jerry O'Connell, was widely circulated. A "blurb" about it containing quotations from it was more widely circulated. It said that much of the book couldn't be read over the microphone. One quotation that was read runs as follows: "Truman and Wheeler see eye to eye—they are leading the American retreat from Reason, into the safe-ventilated hell of Nazi-Fascism."

Some interesting facts about this book came out in testimony before the Senate Campaign Funds Investigating Committee. The publication of the book was financed by two relatively obscure citizens who gave a very unconvincing story of how they got the money and why they bestowed it so generously on a publisher. The publisher, Mr. Kennedy, claimed that he and the author talked over the idea of the book with presidential secretary David K. Niles. (Mr. Niles himself has made no statement as far as I know.) The investigation was never pushed to a conclusion. It came out that some reputable citizens and organizations from outside Montana had given money for the campaign of Judge Erickson, Mr. Wheeler's opponent. Until now the Chairman of the Senate Committee, Senator Ellender of Louisiana, has refused to have the proceedings published as a public document. This is contrary to the usual custom. It is an arbitrary act on the part of the Chairman and bodes ill for the spirit in which he will undertake the investigation of charges involving his neighbor, Senator Bilbo of Mississippi.

My point is simply this: it is a bad day for democracy in America when smear tactics are widely used in political campaigns and then condoned or covered up by men and groups claiming to be highminded and progressive in politics.

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The principal charge these supposed liberals brought against both Mr. Wheeler and Mr. LaFollette was that before Pearl Harbor they had opposed American entry into war. To certain extremists that simple act seems to have made them little better than fascists and anti-Semites. One may recognize the injustice of such charges even if one disagrees with the pre-war position of these senators. For my part I fear that the days are coming when we shall need men in Congress with courage to stand out against a new World War, and it seems worse than ridiculous to defeat honest men on the issues of 1939 or 1940, rather than the issues of 1946. He is a curious sort of optimist who can look at the world as it is one year after "total victory" and argue that the blackest of crimes was opposition to American involvement in the war that was to save the world. At any rate, at a time when there are important issues over which honest men may differ, should we not agree for the sake of the very life of democracy to fight fair?

NORMAN THOMAS.

STRIKE AT GLENDORA

Los Angeles, Calif.

(*Telegram*)—TWENTY-SIX MORE GLENDORA STRIKERS INDICTED LAST WEDNESDAY. BAIL SET AT ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH. GEORGE H. DUNNE.

The Screen

Simply Thrilling

ANYONE who likes good suspense but isn't too fussy about the plot that produces it should get a bang out of these three new thrillers. I'm sorry that their stories don't quite come up to the high standards of their blood-curdling excitement, because these movies have moments of real cinema. But, whatever faults they may have, dullness is not among them.

Director Alfred Hitchcock is an established master in the field of suspense, and in *"Notorious"* he doesn't let his audience down. In fact there are a couple of scenes so tense that I defy even the most seasoned moviegoers to sit calmly through them. However the story itself is exceedingly melodramatic and at times verges on the stuff of pulp fiction. The picture errs most curiously moreover in making its heroine run a gamut that would be too much to ask of any actress. Even so fine a player as Ingrid Bergman is taxed to the utmost and is unable to make the rôle convincing. At first, in Florida, she portrays a woman who is living a fast life of reckless despair; her father was just convicted of being a nazi spy. Then a G-man (Cary Grant) takes her in hand, sobers her up, persuades her to work for the Government. Their interest in each other grows beyond the job, and by the time they reach Brazil it has become a passionate love affair. Then the woman slides into her Mata Hari rôle, concentrates on a wealthy German (Claude Rains)in Rio, and the next thing we know she marries *this* man. Bergman, looking beautiful as always, does her best with this many-sided personality, but perhaps no one could make the character plausible. Cary Grant is cool and calm and almost dull as the boss spy. Claude Rains, properly sinister, injects feeling and depth into his characterization of a German schemer, and Madame Konstantin as his mother positively sizzles with venom. Ben Hecht has written some interesting dialogue even though the story is a bit fishy. Anyway the suspense is the main attraction. When Bergman steals the key from her husband and Grant uses it to get into the mysterious wine cellar while guests upstairs are lapping up the dwindling champagne, or later when Bergman discovers her mother-in-law has been putting poison in her coffee—well, brother, that's pure Hitchcock, and you'll love it.

"The Big Sleep" mixes violence and "smart" wisecracks along with its suspense, and manages to achieve quite a scarey effect. Producer-director Howard Hawks knows how to build up a scene cinematically so that it reaches a tense climax. The main trouble with this picture, outside of its trying too hard, is that its story is too cryptic. It gathers a good cast portraying a lot of unpleasant people, works up a series of very exciting episodes, but never adds up as a whole. One doesn't know whether to blame William Faulkner and Leigh Brackett who wrote the script, or Raymond Chandler who wrote the original novel, or Mr. Hawks who should have held the pieces together. In any case, even the title is without meaning, and you're never sure just what's up. The cast seem to be enjoying themselves—in a negative sort of way. Humphrey Bogart is tougher than ever as the private dick hired to track down a guy who disappeared. He is hindered on his job mainly by his client's two daughters: the younger (Martha Vickers) a nymph given to dope and unattractive companions, the elder (Lauren Bacall) determined to protect the younger no matter how far she has to go to do it. Various seamy characters wander in and out of the confusion—and most of them don't wander out on their own free will. Perhaps the film makers were kept so busy covering up the shady goings-on of these people that they covered up the plot too. I guess the actors, also, were pretty much in the dark about what they were doing; but it's awfully exciting.

This week's thrillers are certainly going out of their way to provide material for the W.C.T.U. The leading character in *"Black Angel"* is practically a dipsomaniac, and Dan Duryea plays the rôle for all that's in it. However the picture makes clear that his wife (Constance Dowling) is no lady and is bad enough to drive any man to drink. When she is found murdered one night while Dan was sleeping off a drunk, another man is blamed; and this man's wife (June Vincent) comes to Dan for help. One clue leads to another, and quite a castful of actors, including Peter Lorre, Freddie Steele, Broderick Crawford, Wallace Ford are involved before light dawns. I should warn you that the solution is pretty tricky. Although the story is not too convincing, Director Roy William Neill works up a suspense that holds your interest. And Dan Duryea gives a performance worthy of this good actor. He is not as handsome as Ray Milland, but he can do d.t. scenes as well.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Our Road to War

EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

A DANGER once past is easy to belittle especially when another of even greater potentialities has supplanted the original danger. It is quite difficult a year after VJ Day to think in terms of a powerful Germany and a comparatively powerful Japan both bent on subjugating as many as possible of the peoples of the world by dint of every deceit, treachery, inhumanity. Germany and Japan have gone down and in their place we have the Russian colossus with its communist agents in strategic positions in virtually every country of the world. For the moment Russia is weaker militarily than is generally realized, technically backward and generally inferior strategically to the United States in anything but manpower, foreign agents and diplomatic aggressiveness. Contrary to what has been written recently there is no practical possibility that the Communists will take over in this country; what is disturbing is that the key posts which they have won in labor unions and in government are able to hamper American activity now and might prove terribly effective if the day should come when Russia believed that she was strong enough to throw down the gauntlet to us. That is what our military are contemplating, in any case. And so it can be said that the war—if not specifically our participation therein—has given us a certain breathing spell.

How did we come to get into it, anyway. With the results thus far so remote from American objectives, the Atlantic Charter, the security of the nations etc., etc., and Soviet Russia seeking to thwart the United States at practically every juncture, a lot of Americans are beginning to ask who is responsible. Appalled by the loss of young lives, the exhaustion of vast stores of our natural wealth and the paucity of positive results, they are casting round for a scapegoat. It is, therefore, worth scanning the record with as able and experienced an historian as Charles A. Beard, a man openly opposed to interventionism all along. His book* opens by examining the charge that the vaguely named "Senators" who opposed the League of Nations a quarter of a century ago are the guilty parties. That would take a lot of proving and Dr. Beard doesn't go into it very seriously.

The bulk of his latest work is instead an examination of the contention that the majority of the American people, by their dogged isolationism and their failure to respond to enlightened leadership—particularly to Franklin Roosevelt and Cordell Hull—made our unpreparedness, weakness in the foreign chancelleries and consequent involvement in the war, bear the onus of guilt. Dr. Beard's first question is whether our leadership was as enlightened as is claimed.

He builds up an unmistakable picture based on party platforms, campaign speeches, presidential addresses and actions which casts considerable doubt on the extent of

*American Foreign Policy in the Making. Charles A. Beard. Macmillan. $4.00.

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popular guilt. In his campaign of 1932 Mr. Roosevelt, egged on by the Hearst papers, flatly opposed American membership in the League of Nations. He continually preached against foreign entanglements and the chief emphasis in his political speeches was on domestic problems up to January, 1938. So that it can hardly be said that the American people were being prepared to intervene effectively in the cause of peace. Congress itself, a more direct expression of the people's will, is blamed for American unpreparedness. But in those crucial years Congress, while opposing the President on certain details, gave him total naval appropriations in excess of what he had requested. When political leaders play on the universal tendency of people to concentrate on their own immediate business, to turn their backs on the problems of other nations, to avoid policies which might involve the terrible sacrifices of a war; when the politicians instead harp on the American tradition of non-entanglement, can the people be greatly blamed for stiffening already naturally isolationist sentiments?

The President, for his part, according to the Beard record, was so startled by the hostility which greeted his Chicago quarantine speech of October, 1937, that he did not return to the charge. Only, toward the end of the following January did he make a second attempt, asking Congress for new battleships, legislation to prevent war profits and equalization among all citizens of the burdens of war (conscription). Again a national hue and cry, with Congress refusing the latter two requests. And so until war broke out in Europe the President and the Secretary of State with these two exceptions confined themselves to moral appeals to Hitler (of all persons) and the anti-Axis powers. When war was declared in September, 1939, Mr. Roosevelt even then told the nation: "I hope the United States will keep out of this war. I believe that it will. And I give you assurance and reassurance that every effort of your Government will be directed toward that end."

Two days later American neutrality and the consequent embargo on arms and munitions shipments were officially proclaimed. But later in the fall the President, with the now famous James F. Byrnes doing most of the leg-work, used his political strength to push through new neutrality legislation, permitting "cash and carry" but taking new precautions against direct American involvement.

Then, in June, 1940, came the Cabinet appointments of interventionist and Republican Henry L. Stimson and Frank Knox. Finally the bitter 1940 electoral campaign, with both candidates in the closing days vying with each other in their promises to American mothers not to send American boys to die on foreign battlefields. Up to the end of 1940, at least, it is difficult to find the enlightened leadership which is claimed. In his last fireside chat of that year (December 29) Mr. Roosevelt reiterated that the "sole purpose [of our national policy] is to keep war away from our country and our people."

But was the President to blame for American war involvement on account of his political moralizing, his "arsenal of democracy" ideas, his spasmodic efforts to bring national mobilization closer? Knowing what he did, he may simply have been taking reasonable precautions. Once Hitler was well-launched on his dizzy course and Japan saw the opportunity of decades to put long cherished plans of conquest into operation, there was little stopping them. In his saner moments a first-hand knowledge of America's industrial potential might have stayed Hitler's hand. And if he had stopped in time the Japanese might have again postponed their long-planned conquest. Who knows? But the more I read of the history of the period the more American involvement seems to have been inevitable. Why seek to pin the blame on anyone in particular?

It is curious that the big controversy in 1940 about the Democratic Party plank against foreign war involvement was settled by the addition of the phrase "except in case of attack"—with Pearl Harbor in the offing. The connection between our present international impasse and the record so acutely examined by this experienced American historian is not immediately evident. That record is naturally not without its current implications. In any case, banishing scapegoats is a highly useful occupation.

More Books of the Week

Rimbaud. Wallace Fowlie. New Directions. $2.50.

MR. FOWLIE'S important little book on a great French poet, who abandoned poetry at the age of nineteen, is mainly interesting because, in the usual sense of the term, it is not a biography at all. It contains five sections, and one of them, to be sure, is entitled "Biographic Interpretation," but that is a very different thing. Actual lives of Rimbaud have become as common as flowers that bloom in the spring, and the anecdotes of his atrocious personality as shopworn and boring as those told about Whistler and Oscar Wilde. Thus the most obvious student of French Literature will readily recall that Hugo called him *"Shakespere Enfant,"* and that Fantin-Latour painted his portrait now in the Louvre. They will recall how, with his "horrible mute laugh," he deliberately ruined the marriage and life of Paul Verlaine and amused himself by wounding enemies and comrades alike with his pen-knife. It was, in fact, dangerous to be his enemy, but far more so to be his friend. Sooner or later all such shared the fate of those who interested themselves in him—Izambard, Germain Nouveau, Verlaine himself were exploited, ridiculed and, when they had lost their uses, thrown out on the ash-heap. "His most consistent hatred," Harold Nicholson has written, "was that of human charity," and "A Season in Hell," minutely analyzed by Mr. Fowlie, is the supreme document of that hate. Such a character will stiffen his resistance, harden his heart, prefer to become a demon of perversity and pride rather than yield an instant of conformist behavior and decent morality to a world which he detests, until that world has only one alternative—to crown the superb poet with flowers and to expel him from the City.

Rimbaud's particular Parnassian world of little academic bourgeois, the world of François Coppée and Anatole France, did not precisely crown him; they feared and detested him as he did them. An echo of their attitude may be found in the first "Livre des Masques"

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by Remy de Gourmont who treats Rimbaud as a mere male prostitute; and when we consider his relations with Verlaine we can understand that point of view. Two letters to Izambard and to Verlaine, mentioned by Mr. Fowlie, bear out this impression. The defenders of Rimbaud, among whom we count two commentators as dissimilar as François Porché and Paul Claudel, do their hero a singular disservice when they represent him as being "depraved" by Verlaine, as if an adolescent of this formidable calibre could have been corrupted by a man so feeble in comparison. The fact is that Verlaine, from the beginning, knew himself in the presence of a master, and the best contemporary opinion (including Mr. Fowlie's) is in accord with this statement.

Mr. Fowlie appears to admire Verlaine this side of the idolatry of M. Claudel. He considers that the indecency, perversity and pride suggested above to have been a mask assumed by the youth in a spirit of revenge upon a mother who did not love him, and the impossible bourgeois environment of his native town. In one of his frequent summaries, Mr. Fowlie states that "in forcing the 'secret' (or cosmos) of childhood, Rimbaud discovered revolt; in forcing the cosmos of adolescence, he discovered poetry; and finally, in forcing the cosmos of the spirit, he discovered God." Perhaps; but he did not "discover God" till he lay on his death-bed in 1891, and hence his "conversion" does not much resemble the conversion (say) of M. Claudel. Mr. Fowlie, let us add, does not fall into the rather sentimental error of Catholics, such as Claudel and Daniel-Rops, who are so affected by the event that they interpret the whole body of Rimbaud's poetry in its light, and turn it into a supplement of the Roman Missal. He has written a thoroughly interesting and valuable study of the miraculous poet, although the employment of a Freudian and post-Freudian mythos and vocabulary may cause it to be rather hard going for the common reader.

CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

The Problem of War in Nineteenth Century Economic Thought. Edmund Silberner. Princeton. $3.00.

ONLY the student who is uncontrollably attracted by the second phrase of the title need apply for this book. If his favorite thesis is The Nineteenth, Greatest of Centuries, very well. If his passion is The Problem of War, however, he will find little of provocation or fulfillment in so unatomic an atmosphere.

Professor Silberner's work seems to have involved more of the culling activities of a clipping bureau than the search-for-insight of creative study. For purposes of filling gaps in the detailed study of 19th century economic thought, this is no doubt admirable. But when the world's thinking on the problem of war is tinged with the glow of atomic fission, it is too easy to compare this treatise with one on various opinions concerning the superiority of cobblestones over dirt roads for horse-drawn vehicular traffic.

The author, former University of Geneva lecturer, divides his study into three sections: one for the classical economists of the 19th century, one for the protectionists and one for the socialists. This tri-section is quite matter-of-fact and historical, and the reader is not encouraged to dream up metaphysical connotations, Hegelian or otherwise.

A lengthy bibliography is impressive witness to the search that Professor Silberner has made of the writings of these schools' major representatives: to determine their

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opinions on the relationship between *l'economique* and war. Malthus, Ricardo, the Mills, Jean-Baptiste Say, Bastiat and Molinari speak for the classical school; List, Levasseur, Cunningham and the ultra-national German historicists give witness to Protectionism; while Saint-Simon and the idealists prepare the way for the more impressive Socialist evangels, Marx and Lenin.

This study shows that, wherever they treated the problem of war at all, the classical or liberal economists thought of it in terms of a panacea: their sacred free trade. International commercial freedom will spontaneously produce international peace. The only doubter among them was Gustave de Molinari who taught the need of organization, international organization, for peace.

If the liberals were idealists, the protectionists were the practical, hard-headed nationalists: practical in President Hutchins's definition of practical people as "those who practice the errors of their forefathers." For the protectionists, war was good or bad according as it brought victory or defeat to the nation to which one owed loyalty. Only the strong, economically powerful states could afford the laissez-faire of liberalism: the others needed protectionism for the sake of industrial and military self-sufficiency.

Like the liberals, the socialists too preached a panacea: the abolition of private property. With the exception of a couple of idealists, the socialists all envisaged the end of war only with the advent of socialism.

Plodding through so much dated controversy, one's appetite is of course keen for something clearly or even suggestively relevant. The proposal of Fourier and other idealistic Socialists for "productive armies" attracted my special attention. For here, at the dawn of the 19th century, was a plea for the sublimation of military life, for armies of productive soldiers organized for national defense and at the same time working on reforestation, irrigation, drainage and other projects of public benefit. A reader is quickly reminded of the Civilian Conservation Corps of the 1930's and, even more significantly, of William James's eloquent plea in the pre-nightmare days of 1910 for a "Moral Equivalent of War." The world today is not unaware of war as an unwitting fillip of beneficent technical advances; nor is it unaware of the moral qualities of cohesiveness, tenacity, fidelity, and community discipline which—hardly discernible in a pleasure-economy—have been widely known only in "the supreme theater of human strenuousness." William James challenged the world in 1910 to find a substitute for war, a substitute that would give to the world the benefit of the military virtues at a price that would not make men shudder. Twice in the generation that followed, no adequate *ersatz* was found. A third strike and the game is over.

HUGH THOMAS MAGUIRE.

Dickens, Dali and Others. George Orwell. Reynal. $2.50.

MR. ORWELL is a younger English critic and journalist who uses the idiom of 1946 but dwells in the tradition of Henley and Sir John Squire. He approaches his critical chores with a fully-formed political and artistic creed and you can take it or leave it. His views on subjects so diverse as Dickens, Wells, Wodehouse and Yeats are pungently stated and magnificently informed by common-sense. He is never dull, but he is sometimes naïve.

This naïvete lies in an apparent obsession with the idea that there is an accepted, "modern" attitude toward sex, politics and religion which is quite all right, proven and demonstrated. A convention of "modernity" is quite as irritating and quite as false as its old-school-tie opposite, and only a fine gusto, and the saving common-sense previously mentioned, keep Mr. Orwell from making an ass of himself on occasion. He can afford to extend his knowledge of history and philosophy beyond the confines of fashionable, doctrinaire scientism.

These faults in education do not altogether detract from his competence to survey the jungle of contemporary art. If he has filled his mind with fashionable clichés, he has preserved a feeling for what is right and just and these qualities of sensibility correct the errors of his creed. He has wit and good-will. I should guess that he is an English socialist of the older, humanitarian kind, of whom it might be said (as he says himself of Dickens), that he is "generously angry" at dirt and evil masquerading as art and good. Regardless of our differences in fundamental philosophy, it is a pleasure to welcome a man who can hit hard at absurdity and injustice.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

Collected Papers. Evelyn Underhill. Longmans. $2.75.

WHATEVER may be said of Evelyn Underhill's orthodoxy, one cannot read her earnest and brilliant writings on God and worship, prayer and mysticism without feeling a deep kinship in her with the Catholic ethos. She loved God and wrote tellingly of what the Christian revelation meant to her and what she strove to make it mean for others. The present volume is a collection of papers, several hitherto unpublished, on the Degrees of Prayer, Worship, Mysticism, the Teacher. There are noticeable here the same qualities as characterize her longer works—a deep love of God, a lucid understanding of the Catholic religion, the constant stress on the unity in diversity, the wholesome sanity of a balanced outlook, and the emphatic conviction of the organic connection of inner and outer religiosity. The general effect of her writing is to inspire one to religious integrity and sanctity—to an ordination of all the faculties to the love and service of God and man. She writes well and convincingly, in the light as she, an Anglican, saw it. She has no case to plead but the sweet reasonableness of God; "what she emphasizes is the reality, the supremacy, and the accessibility of God." This collection is Miss Underhill's *envoi, to all who seek to know and to love the* stupendously rich Reality," God. RICHARD FLOWER.

The Mystical Life. Pascal P. Parente. Herder. $2.50.

FOR A clearly written, masterful, and informative treatise on the mystical life this book can hardly be equalled. It contains an ordered description of the various forms of mystical life, against a background of sound theology, and therefore it is most useful for priests, novice masters and teachers. The stages of mystical experience are discussed, from the lowest to the most advanced, and they are illustrated from the writings of the mystics. A final chapter on spiritual direction in the mystical life is a helpful guide to confessors. The whole work is a very valuable presentation of the complex phenomena of Catholic interior life. RICHARD FLOWER.

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The Adventures of a Masterpiece

FOR FORTY years, the Lutheran king, Frederic Augustus II of Saxony (1797-1854), collector of masterpieces, had longed with all the passion of his artistic soul to possess as his own the Madonna di San Sisto, painted by the Master of Urbino in 1515 for the Benedictine church of Piacenza in Italy.

He saw her for the first time in 1711; from then on, his dream was to add this great pearl to his collection of Titian, Correggio, Giorgione, Rubens, Ruysdael and Jordaens. The State Archives of Dresden have kept an interesting account of the protracted negotiations which he undertook with the Benedictines of Piacenza, through the intermediary of Abbot Bianconi of the University of Bologna. The court of Dresden finally agreed to pay twenty-five thousand gold pieces, payable by letter of exchange to the Tommer bank in Venice, plus one hundred Hungarian ducats for packing expenses; and so King Frederic became possessor of the coveted treasure.

Thus it came about that this purchase shattered in Germany one of the curious biases the Reformation had created in the minds of the people to further its cause, with its uncompromising threefold aspect: iconoclastic, anti-artistic and anti-Marian. After a journey of almost two months, in a coach specially constructed for the purpose and escorted by soldiers, the Madonna di San Sisto arrived in Dresden, where, amongst the acclamations of the people, she became "The Madonna of Dresden," object of tenderest care and the pride of the city.

The king and his court, overwhelmed with joy, outdid themselves to pay her homage. As the best light for the cherished masterpiece was the very place where Frederic's throne was placed, he unhesitatingly ordered it dismantled "to make way," in his own words, "for the immortal Raphael." The people of Dresden inaugurated then the "flowering" of the Madonna, scattering blossoms continuously on the pedestal where the painting rested so that the Virgin seemed to be enthroned as on an altar, realizing what Grimm, Raphael's biographer, wrote at the time, that "like a victorious army, the Madonna di San Sisto had come to conquer all Germany for Raphael."

It is certain that the Sistine Madonna has been a magnet of sweetest attraction to Protestant minds of the whole world and has initiated them to an understanding of the love of Our Lady.

Her conquests were not simply facile. Goethe himself exalted her as:

> Model of mothers—queen of women,
> A magic brush has, as by enchantment,
> Set her there . . .

Right after the Olympian, the learned Winckelmann, also Lutheran, perceived in her "a grandeur more than womanly, a posture of beatific repose, of that divine calm such as the ancients gave to their gods." He spoke of "the Child, as a superior creature, in whose face the innocence of childhood shone as a ray of divine light."

The art critics of that time had nothing but praise for her. Hans Posse, of the *Staatliche Gemälde Galerie* of Dresden, recognized that "in her, Mary appears as the mother of the Saviour, our mediatrix, and the majestic

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Queen of Heaven," and then declared that "this masterpiece of Raphael constitutes an intangible dogma of esthetic faith." The contemporary American, O'Dwyer, re-echoes his statement, calling this Madonna "the Lady with the veil, of a high spiritual quality that has never since been surpassed."

The celebrated American Episcopalian orator of Advent church in Philadelphia and Trinity Church in Boston, Phillips Brooks, was extraordinarily impressed by this Madonna. After his return to America, he said of Her: "I had waited for years and years to see this famous painting. . . . The room of the Dresden Museum where it stands seemed to me the most sacred of churches. To me the Sistine Madonna is to all other paintings as the Bible is to all books. . . . I can say nothing of Her, because one cannot describe what one feels after having waited for fifteen years to enjoy something, and upon seeing it to find it ineffably superior to one's former dream."

Brooks went to Egypt, where he saw the Sphinx, and sitting in her shadow on the edge of the desert he recalled in his meditation the Madonna he had seen in Dresden: "I think one can draw a comparison," he wrote, "between the Sphinx and the Madonna of Dresden as between the two highest expressions of art of two great religions, oriental and occidental, fatalism and providence, which to me they seem to express. . . . Both try to express the union of humanity with something that transcends it, but one seems to reach it with the superior spirituality of a divine nature. One of them unites knowledge with suffering and as such asks the homage of man, while the other radiates wisdom and love and says to him: adore! On the human face of the Sphinx, life is written as an enigma, an insoluble doubt, a mocking disorientation. The face of the Virgin, instead, is bathed in an unfathomable mystery and reveals to us, nevertheless, infinite mysteries about our own life. She does not mock us; she blesses us. The Egyptian woman is solitary amongst her sandy dunes, to be adored but not loved. The Christian woman, clasping her child in her arms, enters into social reality and into the sympathy of all mankind. The adoration she requests evokes effusions of love."

For two hundred years, the Madonna di San Sisto has accomplished in Dresden, amongst non-Catholics, a powerful apostolate of revealing light and compelling love.

Now she has set out on her travels once more. This time she is going to Moscow. P. CHIMINELLI.

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